Kathleen and the Great Secret

By Nell Brinkley

The American Weekly

No. 3—How Kathleen Foiled the Wicked Plot Against Her Sweetheart

Kathleen and the Great Secret

By Nell Brinkley

The American Weekly
Section of the San Francisco Examiner, Sunday, December 26, 1920

No. 8—In Which the Lovers Are Left Alone on a Dismal Sea of Sand.

KATHLEEN and Jim never knew what the merchant chief had meant to do—for the great peril of the desert lands stopped him. In the great gale, the third day of the march, the yellow Death rose out of the far horizon, spread over the sun, sent the sound of his strange, roaring, far-flying menacing voice over and over and filled the world around the winding caravan with a choking, purple-dying, shrieking, roaring condemnation—a hell of tearing, flying, lashing sand—the terrible soul storm of the sand sea.

The caravan crumbled and fattered, covered every head and body and lay like a little herd of animals animating through terribly hours filled with the horrible, shrieking sound of driving, flailing sand that cut and beat, and penetrated in hidden mouths and eyes and filled them with dry choking fire. Yet in those endless hours of raging sound and fearful lashing, when rage blew away and vanished like torn beasts there was not a beast and man never a sound. Jim and Kathleen lay huddled, wrapped close to smothering, in each other's arms—in the lee of their camel, whose head Jim had humanely wrapped when the wind-animus first crouched down.

After years and eternities, when it seemed to Kathleen, with her throat sore and her nerves in shreds, that she had always lived in this roaring pain and pain, and all was would, come a pale dawn and a dying out of the terrible voice, and at last deep silence. Out the two poor lovers crawled to find their camel alive and the rest of the caravan quiet, sand-drifted heaps in the yellow world around them. Some knew they saw—dead faces. And then Kathleen quietly fainted in Jim's two arms. —NELL BRINKLEY

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Kathleen and the Great Secret

By Neil Brinkley

The American Weekly

No. 13—
Fortune Smiles On the Lovers Once More

Kathleen and the Great Secret

By Nell Brinkley

The American Weekly
Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Sunday, March 6, 1921
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No. 17--Homeward Bound!

WITH a feeling that at last they were on the borders of safety, Kathleen and Jim set out for Brest. There, almost unable to tell their story for their delight and gratitude at looking a good American in the keen, gray eye again and hearing home-talk, they gave to the Admiral in charge their whole troublous tale, and found him ready to do all in his power to help them. A destroyer was put at their disposal, and on board this, one of a numerous homeward-bound fleet, they left France.

In a little week the wicked, low-funneled, black, swift fighting ship, the killer of enemy torpedo boats, lifted the port of New York into sight! Leading her low, dark companions, smoke torn out in a black rack from their funnels, she lifted and crashed in a dark blue, white-capped seaway, riding the sea in a terrifying and thrilling manner; and up over the horizon came the familiar Highlands, the Lightship, Quarantine, the Narrows, the tossing bay with the Statue of Liberty, with upraised torch, lighting their greeting, and the dim faery skyline of famed and loved New York town!

Nothing would do but the farthest forward for Kathleen and Jim, and there, beside an attentive young lieutenant, they gazed with eyes glittering with tears, at the growing shores of America, unable to speak for content.

—NELL BRINKLEY

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Kathleen and the Great Secret

By Nell Brinkley

The American Weekly
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No. 18
The Cup of Love

NOW must you bid farewell to Kathleen and Jim—after following them almost around the world. And they must bid farewell to you.

For *you*, ahead, they wish long life, fair life, a full measure of love and a thrill—and an adventure or two! For *them*—I can tell you only that there are happy days to come! For Kathleen and Jim are two young Americans who have only just looked into the magic cup of Love and into each other's eyes over it—wondering at what they saw.

They have had too strenuous days to have done anything but touched their lips to the brim. They have fought and paled together—but have had only snatched and stolen time for love. So now—safe in Washington, with its white roofs, Jim's formula accepted and safe in Government vaults, Kathleen's stepfather, beaten and suing for their friendship and love again and offering generous support in all their life to come—they look out from the balcony of their hotel, held close in one another's arms, while in the distance the dome of the Capitol gleams, a great pearl, blessing their future.

Now is the cup of love in their two hands, to drink from, giving up its deeper delights, its deeper happiness. And so adieu!

—*NELL BRINKLEY.*

(The End)

Beginning next Sunday, ELINOR GLYN'S "LESSONS IN LOVE"—first of a series of delightful discussions of the heart's problems by the famous author of "Three Weeks"—illustrated with paintings done especially for this page by HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.